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WHAT 4-H CLUB WORK HAS TAUGHT ME

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A radio talk by Edward Wildermuth, Maricopa County, Arizona Club boy, delivered in the National 4-H Club radio program, Saturday, October 7, 1933, broadcast by a network of 58 associate NBC radio stations.

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The past week was the biggest event in my life. With our State Championship Dairy-Cattle Judging Team I passed through seven Western States going to the National Dairy Cattle Congress to take part in the National 4-H Dairy Cattle judging contest. Geography explained itself as we left our fertile Salt River Valley with its cotton fields, its alfalfa which produces five one ton crops each year, its citrus fruits and its date palms. These economic crops we have studied in our 4-H Club work. Past Superstition Mountain we sped. There the Lost Dutchman gold mine still glamourously lies hidden from perpetual searching parties. Past the Petrified Forest and into more of the romantic southwest country, across the western plains and into the Mississippi Valley. Of these things we will tell our 4-H Club when we return to Arizona.

Mr. Watson, our Agriculture teacher and able 4-H club leader in the Tempe area, has asked me to keep a diary of the trip and to report to both the Dairy club and the Leadership club. This year our Leadership club is studying games and game leadership. 4-H club work has been a game to me. I have learned, and earned and now I hope to pass on to the younger club members some of the things I have had the pleasure of learning.

Cooperation is the greatest principle which I have learned in my time as a 4-H club member. It has been my pleasure to be enrolled in four different types of 4-H clubs -- dairy, rabbit, garden and leadership.

In the fall of 1926 I had as my first project a pure bred Jersey heifer calf. Every evening I hurried home from our little one-room Rorhog school one hundred yards down the road to groom my pet. After two years of dairy record keeping I added a rabbit project. The rabbits I kept only one year, then joined the garden club. The rural school which I attended during my grammar school days was a part of the Tempe Normal School, now one of Arizona's two Teachers' Colleges. Mr. Brown, the teacher critic, at the College, was the able leader of our club.

In Tempe, our little town with 2400 population, Mayor Ostrander is Director of Agriculture in the College. Largely through his influence, a County 4-H Fair was started in 1927 and our local group acted as host to the other Clubs of the county. Our members were officers of the Fair. This annual event has grown to a huge cooperative organization in which boys and girls exhibit 2500 articles of their 4-H club work each year. In the first fair my Jersey calf placed first. I had to learn, however, that there are other places for a 4-H calf. In the State Fair the next fall my Jersey stood fifth in the open class. I watched the men whose cattle stood above mine, saw how much better they had their animals groomed. I learned how to fill a heifer, how to pose her. The next year I was rewarded by a second place in the open class and in 1929 I placed second in showmanship. In 1931 I won the first prize in showmanship. Due to the

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abortion clean-up program on Dad's farm I did not show in 1932. However, my judging work which I had been studying in the 4-H club began to show and I was awarded a blue ribbon on the best all around judge in 4-H competition in the Arizona State Fair.

The thirty-one prizes which I have won in local, county, and state contests since my entry into 4-H club work, I cherish as something 4-H club work has taught me, that is, to learn by doing and to make the best better. Judging has taught me the value of type in a producing herd of cattle. It has made work with my Dad's sixty-five cow registered Jersey herd a lot more interesting. I have been more interested in the problems of our retail milk business, in our disease problem, and in the scientific problems of trying to breed better cattle through my contact with 4-H club work. I have been particularly anxious that my own cow, Rogue Sybil Ethel, produce more than the Maricopa County Herd Improvement Association average of 425.5 pounds of butterfat.

4-H Club work has made it possible for me to know more of the wonders of my own native state, Arizona, and the southwest. On our recent trip to the annual 4-H Club Week at the University of Arizona we stopped for an interesting half hour at historic old Casa Grande ruins national monument, supposedly built by the Hohokam or vanished people. Jesuit priest missionaries first saw this adobe structure in 1694. Nobody knows definitely how much older it is. And just south of the University we visited San Xavier Mission, one of the line of old Catholic missions erected by the Indians under the direction of the Padres in their early march across the southwest. This beautiful mission with its architectural splendor is still standing in the midst of Arizona's picturesque desert. Rugged mountains, foothills, trout streams and eleven national forests in Arizona call the 4-H clubs to camp in their midst. One of the projects of our leadership club is the establishment of a camp for our growing membership in the summer of 1934.

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